

The Forerunner.

Sweetwater, Thursday, Sept. 10, 1868.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

SELECTED FOR THE FORERUNNER.

Lay up nearer brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
When thy arms around me fold.
I am dying, brother, dying—
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's busy surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the vale my vision darken,
And I go from hence away.
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him—
Pray'd that I might one day meet him
In a world that's free from sin.
Tell my mother, God assist her,
Now that she is growing old;
Tell her I would glad have kissed her
When my lips grew pale and cold.

Listen brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now:
Tell, oh! tell her how I missed her
When the fever burned my brow.
Tell her—brother closely listen,
Don't forget a single word—
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed—
Hold them as when I last held them
Folded closely to my breast.
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all their trust in God,
And He never will forsake her,
For He has said it in His Word.

Oh! my children, how I love them;
They are all my life to me—
Would I once more could caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea.
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What were my hopes I will not tell,
But I have gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember
Every kindly parting word—
And my heart has been kept tender
With the love their memory stirred.
Tell them I never reached the haven
Where I sought the precious dust,
But I have gained a port called heaven
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus and repentance,
Will secure for each a share.
Hark! I hear my Savior speaking,
'Tis He, I know His voice so well;
When I am gone, oh! don't be weeping,
Brother, hear my last farewell!

Radical Eloquence.

The following unique speech was delivered in the Tennessee House of Representatives on Saturday, in favor of the militia bill:

Mr. Bowles: In the name of the Great God of Heaven and earth, will you kneel down to these rebel klans? Will you or any other man cave in to these Rebel sentiments? Can you or any other man take the black track from the Rebel Generals? We came here to-day to knock out the high blossom of rebellion. Now can you cast your vote to encourage these men to be equal with us, and send a committee to the man who betrayed us? In the name of the Great God Almighty, what else do they want?

Only one word or two, Mr. Speaker. The gentleman from Wilson said he didn't want the troops; that is to say he don't want to carry out the Union sentiment of the country. Am I right? Or am I wrong? Now, Mr. Speaker, I am talking to your honest heart, for I know you have an honest heart. Haint we got to protect ourselves? Haint we got to protect our people? I am talking to your honest heart, Mr. Speaker, which I know you've got one. You give the Rebels the power and you'll be took outen that seat in no time. Do gentlemen say that we've got no right to call troops here, when the blossom of Hell's Delight hangs high on the sour apple tree. The rebellion in Tennessee is now up higher than it was six months ago. Now, Mr. Speaker, I want to call upon your honest heart, which I know you got one, to say whether if we don't pass laws, the Rebels won't take the power and put us under Hell's kitchen. The gentleman from Wilson said we've no right to call for militia. Don't you know that the Rebels are gaining on us every day, and want to put us down and will do it?

The mistake of a druggist in Waterloo, Indiana, who gave a butcher belladonna when he applied for sage leaves with which to season some sausage meat, made eighty-three persons violently ill. The prompt action of the physicians alone saved many of them from death.

General Lee.

G. A. Townsend, the radical but readable newspaper correspondent, who has no admiration of Stonewall Jackson, says General Lee "is the immutable respectability that I cannot disprove, diminish, nor despise. Striking out of sight his original treachery, he is the most perfect union of manners, honors, morals, prudence, that I have ever studied. Here at Lexington," continues G. A. T., "he seldom mentions the war. It is history elsewhere, silence to him. His administration of this college is a more perfect success, if possible, than his handling of an army. He takes the personal bond of very many of the students that if they ever become able they will pay for their tuition. His life is in his acts, not in his character. And yet with all this owned, there is no man I dislike more in the South in the light of republicanism and the American future. In that straight carriage, mellowed gray hair and composed face that is ever beautiful now, there is no confession of sympathy with democratic aims, no American saliences of character—a subject's content only in the church and the State, not a citizen's equal aspiration and popular pulse. His pride of race makes him sensitive to his word and honor, and he held Virginia's disapproval to be worse than America's. While he is no genius, his soldierly clearness of head and thoroughness of obedience, exempt him from the infirmities of more brilliant minds. He fails with grace and conquers with dignity. His name in the South is more potent than Washington's was after his victorious war. But Lee is a negative great man; an executive; no statesman and no generalizer. I was told by one of his aids-de-camp yesterday of a scene at Antietam: The aid was ordered by General Lee to take a command, and, while on the way, he saw Robbie Lee, the General's strapping son, riding the lead horse in the Rockbridge Artillery. He told Lee, on his return, of his son's position. 'They've made a driver of him, Major, have they?' he said, with a twinkle. 'Well, I think he'll do!' 'There's Robbie, now, General,' cried the aid. The battery came by, horses sweaty, men grimy, wagons shivered. The boy said, in a sort of undertone: 'Pa are you going to send us in again?' 'Yes, my son, go in!' The battery went to the front in a gallop."

A False Measure.

Charles Peck, a wealthy business man of Chicago, whose residence is in Waukegan, has been arrested in that town and held to bail in the sum of \$25,000 on the charge of attempting to poison his wife. She has been ill for some time, and the cause of her sickness was for weeks a mystery to her friends. Finally a chemical analysis of powders similar to those which her husband had been giving her at frequent intervals, revealed the fact that they contained morphine in dangerously large quantities. The case has created intense excitement at Waukegan. Peck is nearly sixty years old, very wealthy, and has borne a good reputation. The only motive assigned for such a crime is the fact that Peck had become enamored of a servant girl in his family.

Bad Boys in Atlanta.

A gentleman of Macon, says the Telegraph, and a strong Democrat, was in Atlanta the other day, stopping at a hotel where he found, in the reading room, none but good Democratic papers—like the Telegraph. He had read them all over, and while doing so, the newsboys were continually sticking the Intelligencer and Constitution under his nose with a "have a paper, sir?" He had just read them on file and, of course, shook a negative reply with his head to their repeated importunities. Finally a little, sandy-haired, blue-eyed brat, quick in his movements as a grasshopper, approached with the Constitution; and our hero asked him if he had a copy of the New Era. The little one turning, sneeringly hissed, "you're a scallawag, sir; a scallawag!" And then calling to some of his companions, across the street, he cried: "Run here, boys; by golly! here's the biggest scallawag you ever saw. He's a whopper, sure!" But, before the gang of little wretches got a peep at our hero, he had dodged through a side door, and hurried to his room. He changed his suit of clothes, and in a short while came out one of the best dressed and best looking Democrats in Atlanta.

The Saratoga correspondent of the Boston Post writes: "You remember, dear Colonel, a stooping habit that prevailed among the fashionable women—chiefly girls—of twenty years ago, which was entitled the 'Grecian Bend.' Well, it has come again, and is really painful to behold. Nix calls it, with singular felicity, the 'cholic stoop.' 'Why don't they try peppermint lozenges?' inquires Nix compassionately; 'it might help the poor things.'"

A curious wager was laid in Dayton Ohio, the other day, that Mr. Edger Burns, of Cincinnati, who was there, could not hold his tongue twenty-four hours. The terms of the bet were proclaimed, and the friends of both persecuted Burns with temptations, but he was steadfast and refused to utter a word until "time" was called. The "match" afforded great amusement.

Mixture of Races.

Agassiz, in his lately published work on Brazil, has the following on the mixture of races:

"Let any one who doubts the evil of this mixture of Races, and is inclined from a mistaken philanthropy, to break down the barriers between them, come to Brazil. He cannot deny the deterioration consequent upon an amalgamation of races more wide-spread here than in any other country in the world, and which is rapidly effacing the best qualities of the white man, the negro and the Indian, leaving a mongrel nondescript type, deficient in physical and mental energy. At a time when the new social status of the negro is a subject of vital importance in our state-manship, we should profit by the experience of a country where, though slavery exists, there is far more liberality toward the free negro than he has ever enjoyed in the United States. Let us learn the double lesson; open all the advantages of education to the negro, and give him every chance of success which culture gives to the man who knows how to use it; but respect the laws of nature, and let all our dealings with the black man, tend to preserve, as far as possible, the distinctness of his national characteristics, and the integrity of our own."

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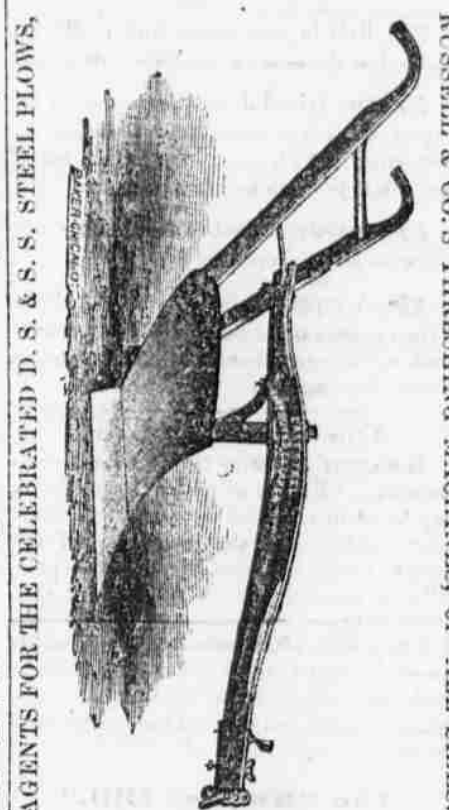
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